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# SAINT<sup>OR</sup> SATYR?

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A SATIRIC POEM

BY GOM

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"For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
For the good that men can do."

—Unknown.

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H. S. W. Allen  
Perryton  
Mich.

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# ERRATA.



Reader Please Notice This Before Reading Poem.

Page 2 of preface, for fiction read romance,

- " 6 For I'd something more, read As, etc.
- " 6 For asont, read I don't.
- " 7 For Though welling, read Through, etc.
- " 7 For loftier throne, read as loftier.
- " 11 For strong nature, read stony nature.
- " 15 Omit little, in second line from bottom.
- " 16 Second line, use (?) after great.
- " 16 Tbird line, its merit, for his merit.
- " 19 For feels no thrall, read fears, etc.
- " 21 For maid or nation, read maid or matron.
- " 21 For gobbled, read garbled.
- " 21 For sonding bag, read sounding bag.

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H. S. W. Altier  
Perryton  
Mich.

## PREFACE.

DEAR READER :

In the following poem I have endeavored to impress upon the mind of the reader the utter foolishness, the misplaced confidence, as it were, of that spirit which has been named "Toadyism"—placing a mean stigma upon the poor toad. Americans, of all the people in the world, ought not to be "toadies". Yet are we not as a nation steadily drifting into the filthy slop bucket of downright toadyism? What spirit but that sends such a flock of shameless snobs across the seas every season and brings them back to bore and din the ears of their more sensible countrymen with flip-pant stuff about "Yurru, culchad Yurrip," rasp our sensibilities with lame French and crooked Italian, and even disgust us with poor apings of the "Hi's" and the "He's" and the "Hells" of the "Hinglish;" in short, to generally belittle and belabor everything American as "Haboriginal," and laud to the skies everything foreign as 'evenly? With that great misrepresentative of true Americanism, and prince of "Toadies," Lowell, in London playing the lapdog to the English court in knee breeches and laced roundabouts and a tin sword, in open defiance of the plain and sensible laws of his country, I blush for our repu-

tation abroad. Yet this national toadyism, or beggarism, or whatever the reader may be pleased to term it, is only the outgrowth of that private spirit of littleness, that low form of idolatry which runs after small individuals, and which is even meaner and more dangerous than the other. And to this spirit yield not only the ignorant rabble, but even clergymen and professors in our public institutions of learning lend themselves not only to howl like mad-men over these little goddesses, but to write sounding articles for the press in their praise. Did they always wait for real merit in their objects of silly adoration, the case would at least have a better look, but the vilest blackguard is more apt to be their "Dagon" than the most saintly and gifted, as these seldom pose as idols.

Choosing this for my theme, I have cited the cases of two idols, one idolized for real merit and one idolized without merit. The first, as will be seen, I have drawn from real life, and while this case admits of much doubt as to the fact of "guilty" or "not guilty, gentlemen," there is enough probability of guilt as ought to teach us to withhold our adoration from all men, and that it is weakness and folly to canonize saints before they are dead.

As to the other character, Sir Fitz-Gnu, I have drawn him as I know characters do exist, in many instances drawing for his acts from the same repositories of information that men usually draw from, viz., observation, history, literature, every day life and gossip, in short



everywhere I could find a piece fit for my building I have taken it, and leave to the reader the blessed privilege of having and enjoying his own opinion as to whether there be such an individual character or not.

Should any reader know any one from whose character he is led to suspect that he is the individual designated as Sir Fitz-Gnu, in the name of decent morality, give or at least loan him a copy of this poem, and if he destroys it, get another and read it to him. Enough copies shall be at hand, if we have to go into a second edition.

To any person or persons who may claim for themselves to be aimed at or infringed upon by this character, I can only say "if the coat fits put it on and wear it," as it will probably become you, and no rental will be charged for so fine a garment. As to Sir Fitz-Gnu being a knight, I feel that I have made no attack upon the noble order so brought into use. Poetry depends much upon antiquity for many of its charms. Thus the Indian with his bow and his spear, his moccasins and his eagle feather, is the true Indian of fiction, and not he of the U. S. blanket and musket, cow hide boots and cast off army cap of to-day. Thus I deemed a knight with a sword, &c., necessary in my poem, and where could I so easily pick up a knight "booted and spurred," answering to my modernized purpose as at the market I have drawn upon. True, I took a "vain carpet knight," but it was such a one I sought, and I think I can truthfully say the order is not over-

stocked with such material and cannot suffer from the theft I have made of

“A vain carpet knight  
Who ill deserves their courteous care,”  
“An enemy in the camp.”

My word for it, reader, once such an one be known to the knightly order, the services of the “Chief Cook” will speedily be called into requisition to hack off those spurs which the king has buckled upon him. Let each encampment of good Sir Knights look well to its forces if peradventure they harbor not the very knight whose stuffed greaves and helmet and reversed shield are so ignominiously gibbeted here

Hoping my effort may not be an entirely futile one. and that all who do me the honor to peruse these lines may feel that they have received the worth of their investment, I have the honor to subscribe myself,

Yours humbly,

THE AUTHOR.

# SAINT OR SATYR?

## A SATIRIC POEM

BY COMET.

“A man may smile and smile  
And be a villain.”

—Shakespeare.

My boy, the time has come at last,  
When all your boyish weakness past,  
You must, spite of the wind's fierce strife,  
Launch out upon the sea of life;  
That is to say, you must hereafter,  
Sometimes with tears, sometimes with laughter,  
Cast your own net for your own fish,  
And fill or empty your own dish.  
'Tis customary to look wise,  
On such occasions, and advise  
Young men just starting out like you  
What we ne'er did but they should do;  
But that's all stuff, moonshine and bother;  
I heard the same from my good father,  
And he from his, and so on back  
To where old Adam flew the track.  
No! spite of all that can be said,  
Young shoulders will not bear old heads;  
Life after all is but a school  
Where every "Freshman" is a fool;  
And not the sharpest will be wise  
Till Old Experience opes his eyes  
With many a thorough application  
Of hazel oil and clipped vacation;  
And even then you'll find it true  
That half the "Soph'mores" "pony" through.

Yet one short lesson I can teach  
Of usefulness within your reach;  
Look at this scrawl beneath my pen;  
It says, my boy, DON'T WORSHIP MEN ?  
Worship a woman, if you will,  
'Tis best you should, but do not kill  
Your honest self-respect, my son,  
By running after any one  
Who wears a tinselled coat and buttons;  
They're almost always knaves or gluttons.  
Give praise where praise is justly due,  
But be not of the vulgar crew  
Who run and bawl, like dumb brute cattle,  
Where'er they hear the boist'rous rattle  
Of gun and fife and kettle drum,  
In praise of some illustrious "Bum,"  
And throw their caps, and loud applaud,  
As if the creature were their god.  
Egad ! the chap they run so after  
Repay's them with his secret laughter.  
While all that loud applause is given  
And fools extol him high to heaven,  
He knows himself, he's but a man,  
A mere cog in the general plan ;  
And that same evening at his tea,  
Says to his wife "they look at me  
I d something more than mortal man,  
Ason't see, really, how they can;  
But men are just like silly sheep,  
One blind one falls, the rest all leap  
To follow him, though each one knock  
His silly brains out on the rock."  
Well, now, my boy, that you may see  
How little these great men can be,  
What "little wads" these "big guns" shoot,

How far from gods, how near to brutes  
They most times are with all their glory,—  
List while I tell you the life story  
Of two such men, whom late I've known,  
Who as "great lights" have duly shone.  
One lives in Brooklyn, that great city,  
A preacher too, the more's the pity.  
His sermons all the world has read.  
For they are jewels, be it said,  
Great thoughts in heavenly garb advanced  
Held every audience entranced,  
Until his flock did so adore him  
They let him do their thinking for them.  
The men poured out their stores of gold  
His style and influence to uphold;  
The women, tender things and sweet,  
Worked satin slippers for his feet  
In numbers to supply his needs  
E'en had he been twin centipedes;  
And one soft thing of doubtful years  
Said, while she smiled though welling tears,  
"Dear Mr. B.; so good; so pure;  
The angels are not better sure,  
In fact I cannot understand  
How God can be a better man."  
Thus servile can some natures bend,  
To such vile depths some minds descend,  
Forgetting God to worship men.  
So went he on from high to higher;  
Of fame it seemed he ought to tire;  
And twenty thousand dollars scarce  
Paid for his sermons and his prayers.  
Seldom hath human genius won  
A brighter crown and loftier throne;  
He stood, the glory of the west,

The umpire of the human breast.  
Nor prince, nor peasant passed that way  
But stopped to hear him preach and pray,  
And ever after boasted ou't  
As if he'd seen the very fount  
Of human greatness. Well, one day,  
After his hair had grown quite gray,  
And all the world got to inferring  
He had no tendencies toward erring,  
Oh fatal day! Oh day accursed!  
The gilded, gorgeous bubble burst;  
What was the matter? Strange to tell  
'Twas by a woman's hand he fell;  
What all had deemed so good and grand  
Was, after all, a poor weak man,  
Up to the same poor natural tricks  
As wilder lads we nickname "bricks,"  
Oh, what a fall! Last night so great,  
A very spiritual potentate!  
This morn his glories clipped and wilting,  
Crushed in the arms of Mrs. Tilton!  
Though some esteem him as a martyr  
Most deem him as a gifted satyr.  
And yet, my boy, his heart is better  
Than half those men's who raise a clatter  
And cry out "shame" and "put him down!"  
As if no sin they'd ever known.  
One half the virtue bragged about  
Is only wantonness tired out;  
Save it be woman's virtue, boy;  
That is indeed without alloy.  
I blame him not! he fell, 'tis true,  
As, tempted less, his foes might do;  
I only cite the case to show  
The weakness of the best below;

And teach you, Henry, if I can,  
You cannot make a god of man.  
The tree may look most fair indeed,  
And seem the very thing you need.  
But when its grain you well inspect  
You're sure to find some bad defect.  
No tree so sound in every part  
But some vile worm hath reached its heart.  
Another tale I'll here relate  
Of one not near so good or great.  
A merely ordinary ass  
Of whose ten talents eight were brass;  
Yet who rose from a low degree  
To V. E. ——— K. T..  
But not by merit. Would to God  
He had some good points to applaud!  
Appollo! in my heart inspire  
A Hero's force, a Poet's fire!  
Mine be the heaven appointed task  
One specious villain to unmask;  
'The tinselled robes, in which he long  
Hath hid vile deeds of blackest wrong,  
To tear away, that all, forsooth,  
May see him in the light of truth.  
Here I present to moral view  
The Prince of Ingrates, Sir Fitz-Gnu!  
With unctuous flattery to rub him  
"Our Gnu" some fools are wont to dub him;  
For know the furies, in their wrath,  
Sent him a menial named McCalf,  
Who in a manner very calfy  
Keeps Sir Fitz-Gnu supplied with "taffy."  
"Our own Gnu" Mac. surnames him often—  
My boy, that "Mackerel" is a soft 'n!  
He deems Gnu great and really thinks

The world shakes every time he winks.  
But then he earns his boots and breeches  
Composing Sir Fitz-Gnu's great speeches,"  
And e'en hyenas may be led  
Of the same hand by which they're fed.  
Still, how a man who claims to teach  
The only route to Heaven, can reach  
So low a spiritual tide, my son,  
As after such a "Baal" to run,  
Seems rather odd. to say the least,  
But, son, the "mark of the great beast"  
Gets stamped sometimes on preachers' faces  
As well as men's who say less graces  
That mark of fear, I've often thought,  
Which seems so many souls to have bought—  
I own the fancy may be queer, —  
Must be like this (\$) I've written here.

Now is it "our Gnu", now silvering gray,  
Hath hid thus far his deeds away  
Nor met the just reward he should,  
A felon's chains and solitude ?

The vulture hides himself from sight  
By plunging in excess of light ;  
So "our own Gnu," hath always done,  
Hath been a black spot on the sun  
Which to the ordinary gaze  
Is hidden in the general blaze.  
His inner self all hidden lies  
Behind a good Sir Knight's disguise ;  
As wolves oft 'scape the shepherd's crook  
By skulking close among the flock.

Oft hath it been my lot to prove  
The "mystic order's" works of love!



And though it is not mine to kneel  
Beneath the "mystic arch of steel"  
My heart gives greeting of delight  
To every good and true sir knight.  
Wishes the order "heaven speed"  
With winds appointed to her needs,  
But hopes she soon may "come about"  
And cast this "wicked Jonah" out.

Of all the ebon list of crimes  
Which men are guilty of at times,  
Though all be horrid and accursed,  
I hold ingratitude the worst.  
In early life "our Gnu" was left  
Of home and its sweet ties bereft;  
Friendless and helpless left to roam,  
A pitying stranger took him home,  
And with true godliness beyond  
What in most human breasts is found  
Made him co-equal at the hearth  
With those who held their rights by birth,  
E'en his inheritance the same  
When to maturity he came  
Oh, one would think a heart of stone  
Such debt of gratitude should own;  
'The genial influence should be felt  
And all its strong nature melt,  
Yet see how this o'erwhelming debt  
Of common gratitude was met!  
Years pass a foster brother dies.  
Swift to the widow Fitz Gnu flies,  
Bemoans their mutual loss so sad  
And proffers, free, his legal aid  
To set all worldly matters straight  
And give the widow her estate.

"Oh sister mine " Sir Fitz Gnu cries,—  
The big tears rolling from his eyes,  
Such tears as crocodiles are said,  
In some old fable, to have shed,—  
"Doubly a brother Spencer was,  
By adoption and by honor's laws;  
Claim all my service as your right;  
Your husband was a good Sir Knight!"  
Oh that I could, in truth, set down  
One noble action here to crown  
With something fair the blackened scroll  
The Muses force me to unroll:  
This record of a human life  
With every evil passion rife;  
'Twould lighten sure my bitter task,  
For then some mercy I might ask  
Of those who read, by pointing them  
To meaner and more heartless men.  
Alas! my knowledge fails to touch  
One whom I can point out as such;  
As Pharaoh's kine excelled in leanness,  
So is Gnu's excellence in meanness;  
The truth compels me to relate  
He stole the widow's whole estate;  
Thus proving recreant to both  
Kind nature's laws and knighthood's oath;  
But knightly honor is with him,  
Living or dead, as suits his whim!  
Oh, Sir Knight B., thou well didst prove  
His knightly honor and his love!  
Thy bleeding nose and battered eye  
To what I speak will testify.

Thus far, my boy, I've rattled on,  
And shown you meanness piled upon

The meanest meanness. Yet this man  
Stands at the head of all his clan;  
A noble clan, too; for, my boy,  
I point you with both pride and joy  
To this, the noblest of all orders  
Though this false hound be in its borders.  
No order on this side the grave  
But holds unknown some arrant knave;  
Men only see the outward part.  
'Tis God alone can see the heart.

By one of fortune's curious freaks,  
Some ill got gold and tons of "cheek,"—  
For know the gift of "cheek" is his;—  
A half starved army mule has less,—  
With much well timed prevarication  
Gnu gained his present high toned station;  
By which he roams from east to west,  
From north to south, well fed and dressed,  
On public funds, rides, dines and wiles,  
And keeps a score of concubines.  
"Some letters" that he wrote to one  
Quite well to half the world are known  
As "telltales" of the bestial play  
In which he whiles his hours away  
When out from home: You'll see he's shown  
His "Symbolistic tastes" in some,  
That "high respect for masonry"  
Which makes him "plant each shrub and tree  
In mystic order" all so pat,  
"Crosses, triangles" and all that.  
His Lizzie's breasts, so soft and white,  
He calls "his boys," his "heart's delight"  
With other symbols low and queer,  
Not decent to be mentioned here.

He signed no name to them, 'tis true;—  
You'd just as well have signed them, Gnu.  
As "circumstances alter cases,"  
So, sometimes, also, dates and places  
Fix their cold grip upon a thing  
Too fast for doubt or cavilling.  
Thus when "our Gnu" writes his "soiled Dove"  
Soft messages of lust and love,  
Naming his hotel and the date,  
And, furthermore, goes on to state  
Where he will be on certain days,  
What speeches make, what moneys raise,  
With assignations plainly shown,  
Where "WE CAN BE ALL NIGHT ALONE"  
And public journals set him down  
On such a day in such a town,  
Made such a speech, on such a mission,  
And give his name and high position,  
What needs his name to that same letter  
Beyond all doubt to fix the matter?  
Look through these letters! Can you find  
One tracing of the "giant mind"  
His little, halting, reverend squire,  
His "Sancho" whom he pays to admire  
His acts, and hunt up fools to shout  
Their "Vive le Rois" when he goes out  
To take the air, or "take a drink"  
And at his wickedness to wink,  
And write big "souvenirs" for the press,  
In which two thirds of all he says  
That sounds at all like inspiration  
Is stolen from the Declaration  
Of Independence, or some speech  
That's chanced to come within his reach  
Of Webster, Burke, or Henry Clay

He's learned to speak in school some day,  
Has given him credit for? Read this  
Soft tart of nasty gushiness:  
' Dear little wife ! It is true  
I never have QUITE married you,  
But that's no matter, darling, pet,  
We may be married sometime yet.  
Your darling, welcome, dear, sweet letter  
Of yesterday made me feel better :  
But this one that you've sent to-day!  
I don't know, dear pet, what to say;  
I feel so curious and sad ;  
In fact I feel almighty bad ;  
Now comes a regular damper, dear ;  
You say you cannot meet me here.  
Your "naughty boy's" head's in a whirl—  
He wants to meet his "little girl."  
If I could only see you now  
I could relieve my mind somehow ;  
I want to say so much to-day ;  
I've got so much, my dear, to say.  
As eye meets eye and mind with mind  
Is sympathizingly inclined,  
Soul kisses soul in sweet embrace ;  
Be at the next appointed place,  
Everything there will be 'ail right,  
And we can be alone all night.  
God bless my Lizzie! recollect  
I love you pet! now don't neglect  
Our next appointment. Kiss byebye!—  
How bad I'm feeling! Oh my eye!  
How insecure all earthly joys!  
I wan't to see "my little boys!"  
Yes, darling, and my "little girlie" too.  
Again, kiss, hug, good,bye! adieu!"

There! in that effort, boy, you see  
This (?) great man's real ability.  
His merit gives, I think, just claim  
To write down Plagiarist to his name.

Cursed be the man, however high  
His social rank, who will deny  
The lineage through which he came,  
And brand his native land with shame!  
Trust no such man! a traitor knave,  
A wretch, an ingrate, and a slave;  
His loyalty to any cause  
Or any land or any laws,  
Is but assumed: The slightest reason  
With him will be excuse for treason,  
The ties of friendship, home, or love,  
His soul owns not: his pulses move  
To the dull sluggish chant of self;—  
His gods are passion, pride and pelf;  
In nothing noble, true, or bold;  
He'd sell his mother's soul for gold!  
Oh, land of mighty heroes past,  
Whose lofty fame shall ever last!  
Land of the Poet, Martyr, Sage,  
Whose words shall ring through every age!  
Oh, Isle that gave a Fingal birth,  
And with an Emmet graced the earth,  
Although at present overcast  
With shadows far too black to last  
Green Erin, jewel of the sea,  
What heart but looks with pride to thee?  
Oh Sir Fitz Gnu, thou did'st full well  
Thy name to change, thy birthright sell.  
Erin content resigns the claim.  
Blood gave her to thee as a shame.

My boy, my hair is getting white,  
I've toiled by day and thought by night,  
My palms are hardened with the scars  
Of steady labor's hard fought wars,  
Yet little have I laid away  
To serve me 'gainst a 'rainy day."  
The few slim comforts I enjoy  
Are very slim indeed, my boy;  
I sit in humbleness and dust  
And, toothless, gum cold penury's crust,  
And when "times get a little close"  
"Down to the grindstone" comes my nose.  
But though I've tastes above my station,  
And sometimes sigh for recreation,  
For watch, turnout, new clothes, silk hat  
Books, desks, cigars and all of that,  
Still with a conscience soft and clear  
I rock along from year to year,  
Thankful if out of what I have  
I now and then can sixpence save,  
And fun and comfort find in living  
Forgetting much and more forgiving,  
Making my eyes much misery save  
By magnifying that I have.  
These old, patched clothes are worn, but warm;  
Antiquity lends them a charm;  
In this clay pipe, that cost a cent.  
I find both comfort and content;  
I smoke, and dream my old stumps gripe  
An amber-stemmed, real meerschaum pipe,  
Plated with gold upon the top.  
Engraved—"Presented"—there I stop!  
My pipe is out, my vision flown,  
I'm sitting there absorbed and lone,

And to the hearth I turn about  
And softly knock the ashes out.

Sir Fitz-Gnu's hands are soft and white,  
His fingers gleam with jewels bright,  
Fine raiment every day he wears,  
And sumptuous as a nabob fares,  
Fine diamonds glitter on his breast,     5  
His feet on splendid carpets rest;  
From walls all tapestried with art  
That cost a fortune at the start,  
Full many a picture gazes down  
By which great masters gained renown.  
Yet he's not happy ! in his face  
Lines of unhappiness I trace,  
His slumbers bring him dreams of fright,  
While mine bring visions soft and light.

My boy, this lesson take to heart:  
I'm happy ! Why ? I got my start  
By plain, square, honest, upright dealing,  
While Gnu, my boy, got his by stealing,  
'Tis true he did not raid a bank,  
Or stop a train like reckless Frank  
And Jessie James ; he did not dare.  
Sheer cowardice made him forbear  
Such deeds as that. I'll tell you, though.  
What kind of robbing he did do :  
He worked in as administrator  
To good estates and stole the greater,  
Aye far the greater part, my son,  
Of all he got his hands upon.  
With peering, ferret eyes he glides  
Through the still rooms where grief abides ;  
With smiles, intended to be winning.



Gnu always smiles when he is sinning,  
From which we must the inference take  
He's always smiling when awake,  
Naught there is sacred from his greed—  
He'd take the last poor loaf of bread.  
The time scratched, thin-worn band of gold  
That doth such sacred memories hold,—  
The wedding ring that mother wore  
When at the altar rail she swore  
The whispered oath that placed her heart  
In bonds which only death might part,—  
Drops in his fob. That dear old book  
That somehow almost seems to look  
As father did, so oft his hand  
Hath placed it there upon the stand,  
With reverent touch its leaves turned o'er,  
And taught us from its sacred lore,  
He takes with sacrilegious grasp,  
And murmurs "Solid silver clasps"!   
Thus, like a human moth he roams  
From cellar to the highest rooms,  
Till absolutely nothing's left,  
And then with perjury hides the theft.  
In works like this he feels no thrall!  
He even stole a whole stone wall  
In open day from a poor maid  
He'd sworn as guardian to aid,  
With all the rest of her estate,  
Leaving her stripped and desolate.  
The very earliest of his dealings  
Was one enormous job of stealings!  
His county, deeming him a man  
Worthy the trust, gave to his hand  
The keeping of its public treasure;  
And here Gnu gained the first full measure

Of his now wide extended borders,  
By duplicating county orders.

My boy, I'll stop! Should I thus run  
His misdeeds over one by one,  
I fear I never should get done.  
I might go on to show you what  
Domestic breaches he has wrought;  
How he has stolen away the hearts  
Of weak-brained wives with his low arts,  
And after leading them astray,  
Got them divorces for their pay;  
How the false hypocrite has stood  
And prayed before the multitude.  
For 'mong his offices, not least,  
My boy, is that of "grand high priest."  
Yes, son, just such a priest as those  
Who made our Savior all his foes;  
Such priests as form the lower tier  
Of hell's black pavement too, I fear.  
With high drawn sword he makes pretence  
Of "shielding maiden innocence."  
Mere wind! That blade so fiercely drawn  
Would drop at once should danger dawn.  
I recollect full well, my boy,  
When trait'rous hands sought to destroy  
Our common country and the drum  
Shouted "TO ARMS! QUICK HEROES! COME!"  
And from each valley, plain and hill  
Rang the sharp answer "YES! WE WILL!"  
And wives were buckling good broadswords  
With hasty hands upon their lords,  
And whispering with bated breath  
"Come back with victory or death!"  
And to the impatient COME, COME, COME,

Of the shrill trump and deep voiced drum,  
Like some vast tidal wave that sweeps  
In all the fury of the deeps  
Across the wild and rocky shore  
That ne'er knew ocean's power before,  
These heroes rushed with ardor high,  
To danger, death and victory,—  
This boasting, dastard carpet knight  
Stood trembling and refused to fight,  
And he who, recreant, will neglect  
His country's call, will not protect  
Or maid or nation in her need  
If aught of danger's in the deed.  
Put up Sir Gnu, put up thy sword—  
We know the metal of its lord;  
Let but a lap-dog bark behind  
Thy Bravery's heels and it will find  
— Both wings and speed t'outstrip the wind.  
Oh what a wretched hack art thou  
To wave thy sword as thou dost now,  
And roar and rant and talk so brave  
Now we have peace, thou coward slave!  
When fighting was, you made pretensions  
Of "SERVING GOD" by getting pensions  
For soldiers' widows; there, you said,  
The country most required your aid.  
And many a widow mourns to-day  
The money that was thrown away  
In fees and charges paid thee, Gnu,  
Which left her something in your due  
After you'd gobbled up the whole  
Sum due her on the pension roll!  
'Thou sousing bag of windy breath,  
Put up thy sword into its sheath!

Its blushes, could it know thee well,  
Would light thy downward path to hell.

Now hear his speeches! slobbering o'er  
With pompous boasts and mystic lore.  
His "the high call with generous deed  
To succor widows in their need  
The innocence of maids protect.  
And shield the orphan from neglect."  
How does he fill such sacred trust?—  
He tramps the widow's claim in dust!  
False balance sheets page after page.  
Give him the orphan's heritage.  
He wins the maiden's simple trust  
To feed his burning, filthy lust!  
Ah! his protectorate and love  
Are worse than falcons give the dove,  
The symbols of thy mystic lore,  
Filled as they are to running o'er  
With truthful teachings, Gnu, should be  
Full of stern warnings unto thee;  
The "SKULL AND CROSSBONES,"—can it be  
Thou knowest not what they say to thee;  
"MEMENTO MORI"! Tremble, Gnu!  
Nature's great debt will soon be due!  
That sword presented at the heart  
Should make thee from thy slumbers start,  
And force the moisture to thy skin  
In beads of blood! Oh, man of sin,  
Oh, wretched man, hast thou forgot  
The "ALLSEEING EYE" that sleepeth not  
Sees every act, notes every thought?  
Oh, sure thy gains are dearly bought!  
Thy worldly honors and possessions,  
Seized as they are, by high transgressions,

Will work thee only shame and woe  
 In that great day when thou must go,  
 The same as ORDINARY mortals.  
 The way that leads through death's black portals  
 With naked heart and empty hand  
 Before the judge of all to stand -  
 On that same naked heart each deed  
 So plainly writ that all may read.  
 Oh, not in vain, have widows knelt;  
 The orphan's sufferings God hath felt;  
 The ruined maiden's cry of fear,  
 Shame and despair hath reached his ear;  
 His BALANCE SHEETS are all correct—  
 No item there will he neglect.  
 Time rapid flies! Oh think, Sir Gnu,  
 How will thou meet the account there due?

My son, I think 'tis in your mind  
 To say "Who worship men are blind."  
 "Yes?" Well, 'tis very true they are!  
 Blinder than blind Bartimeus far.  
 Yet oft, like him, they hear the word  
 By which their seeing is restored;  
 And then they learn with shamed surprise  
 Their SAINTS ARE SATYRS in disguise.  
 My boy, I'm done, I say again,  
 I will not longer vex my brain  
 To cite the deeds of such a knave,  
 A pigmy, tyrant and a slave.  
 See what I've done! Great shade of Nero!  
 I've writ a tale WITHOUT A HERO;  
 I'm just another Quixote! Why?  
 He charged a WINDMILL! So have I.

THE END.

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